The Spectator
HAMILTON COLLEGE

Vol. I; No. 4 — Clinton, New York — October 24, 1947

Robbery and Desertion Startle College

Four Houses Raided Tuesday Night; Investigation Underway

During the early morning of October 21, sneak thieves visited four fraternity houses on College Hill, and escaped with about $205.00 in cash. Similar robberies have been reported at Syracuse and Colgate Universities.

The thieves visited the Chi Psi, Psi U., Deke and Sig houses sometime between the hours of 4.00 and 5:30 a. m. They left behind a trail of scattered clothing and billfolds.

At the Chi Psi Lodge, James Benjamin reported that four out of six study rooms were entered and around $80.00 stolen. He recalled that the same type of robbery occured on the Hill about this time last year.

Anthony Kuolt said that $20 50 was taken from the Psi Upsilon house and that four rooms were entered. All the searched rooms are located near the stair well, except one, which is four doors down the hall from the stairs. Elsie Hoffman, wife of the house cook, heard someone walking around in the house when she was awakened by the restlessness of her child, but dismissed it as one of the members. Kuolt mentioned that all the emptied billfolds were found near the doors to the rooms and added that this was probably done to look at the contents of the billfolds by the hall light.

The heaviest loss, $105.00, was reported by William Sculthorpe at the Deke house, where six rooms and a dormitory were entered. Vanderbilt Ward, who was lying in bed, almost apprehended the thief when he opened the door of the dormitory, but unfortunately it was too dark to distinguish the person.

At the Sig House, the looter entered four rooms, scattered clothing and billfolds, but found no money or valuables.

Two detectives from the New York State Police are working on the case. After a conference with representatives from three robbed houses, the detectives took a celluloid case from

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Man of the Week

Bruce Davis

Described last fall as "a scampering ad of what vitamins are supposed to do for John Q. Public, who all but knocked himself out as one of the 'happy thyroids' on the cheerleader squad for this year's mercurial football season", Bruce Davis has, this year, advanced to the position of head cheerleader. Davis, a senior who hails from Madison, New Jersey, is a member of Sigma Phi. He is a prominent member of he Church Session and was one of the main "cogs" in last year's J. V. basketball team. He entered Hamilton with the Class of 1947 but left soon afterwards for a tour of the Pacific with the Navy.

Bruce has been instrumental this year in an increase of "school spirit" which was culminated through his efforts in the two rallies for the football team this past weekend.

Class of '49 Bolts This A. M.; New Tradition Seen For College

At 9:45 this morning, the class of '49 perpetuated a tradition inaugurated by another class of '49, — 1849. Specially designated bell-ringers started the second **Bolt of '49** when, at the appointed hour, they roused fellow juniors from their mid-morning lethargy. "The gay, young Juniors" rose as one man, filed past astounded faculty and assembled in front of the library. When the class had gathered, the men, led by Class President Phillips C. Brooks Jr., marched in a body to Clinton.

As with their predecessors of the previous century, the student action was reported to have been totally unpremeditated. An undefinable quality in the October air caused a silent rapport to be established among the class-mates. No need for verbal communication was necessary; the Juniors merely responded to a common urge.

No information is now available concerning the future plans of the '49 ers. Present indications seem to point to a probable return in time for this afternoon's Hamilton-Rochester football game. Reports that have spasmodically filtered up from Clinton indicate that the merry-making Juniors will be invaluable assets to the team's vocal support.

Apparently this century's class of '49 is physically less hardy than their antecedents, or maybe merely their objectives differ. At any rate the rebels made no attempt to reach Trenton Falls. Certain attractions in Clinton proved fatal to their wanderlust and the pilgrimage stopped in town.

One Junior was overheard saying that the challenge, —"Has a century of Hamilton manhood changed so that we are no longer proud of this heritage?"— published in last week's issue of **The Spectator** may have had some bearing on thegroup's

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"Junk-heaps" Holding Their Own

For weeks on end, or since this semester began, we've been in a state of depression, resulting from our daily contact (i.e. eye contact) with '47 Cadillacs, Oldsmobiles, Mercurys and other such convertible contrivances for conveying Hamilton students. Just recently, we realized we have been neglecting the nobler automobiles roaring about College Hill. To return our mind to the maniac state, we've gone out of our way to disregard the new and discover the old.

Such was our attitude when we accepted a ride in Brad Roberts' Model "T." While jogging around the quadrangle in preparation for supper, we received the low-down on the relic. It's vintage is '24 and hails from Framingham, Mass., purchased for the meager sum of $75. This "job" arrived from Boston in 10 hours driving time, never having left, previous to this fall, the limits of the town of its owner, a painter, who kept it in tip top shape these twenty-three years. Brad has furnished it with side curtains for privacy's sake, and he's expressed some high hopes of its use during the winter, for the high wheels should carry it through the Clinton and Hamilton snow drifts. This model has no dashboard, no starter, and begins to run from the rear of the Alpha Delt House, coasting down some twenty feet and swinging onto the road, never stopping until its return. With flaps down, top speed clocked so far has been sixty miles per hour on the straight and narrow. Brad claims he can get 23 miles to the gallon, and that it must be shifted into low to make the grade up the Hill. Top capacity has been 13 men, but this record may not stand for long. We were planning to race Gordie MacLeod's scooter when the gas ran out

MacLeod's motor scooter is an eleven horsepower, one cylinder job called Betsy Margaret (affection). It was purchased in 1944 at a cost of $300. Gordon gets 50 miles to the gallon (capacity of the tank) and claims he can push it to 35 miles per hour. He's had the scooter up and down the Hill, to Utica, Buffalo, (carried there by trailer), and has driven from Buffalo to Niagara Falls. The scooter has a side car (which should be useful next trip,) two speeds, but lack a reverse gear and must be back tracked by foot. Brakes are rather poor and MacLeod has run into a truck, flipped over, and gone head first in a snow bank. He carries a N. Y. State Driver's Permit to ward off the State Police. Come winter, Gordon has graciously offered to tow sleighs around the quadrangle.

Back into commission in a few weeks will be Senator McCabe's "Iron Chariot", purchased by Cort Fenn for ten dollars. The "Iron Chariot" (a '32 Dodge coupe) was on the Hill this summer, until one Saturday beer party found it tearing down College Hill "sans brakes, sans gears." Art Cunningham is at present repairing axles, frame and engine.

In competition with the "Iron Chariot" we place Bob Slentz's "Suffering Jacob" (pseudonym for his 1930 Model "A" Ford coupe). This amazing vehicle has made the Hill in high (a feat unparalled in College history for this type car), and has conveyed eight men in one trip (two

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Due to a clash of dates on the Wells and Hamilton College calendar, Professor Shute has announced some changes in the proposed Choir Concert dance. Present plans call for a choir-sponsored dance to be held **in the Alumni Gymnasium on December 6.**

Honor Groups Plan Better Org.

The Junior and Sophomore Honor Societies, Was Los and DT, have been drafting plans during recent weeks to unite the loosely-organized classes into the solid organizations of pre-war days. Now that even the veterans have a fair idea of what class they are in, it is hoped that each student will get to know his fellow class members by means of class meetings and social functions.

Was Los has been busy at weekly meetings working not only for the Juniors, but for the other undergraduate classes as well. The junior society has been promoting the annual dance for the freshmen of Hamilton and Wells. This event is to be held November 21st at the Aurora institution. Was Los also announced that bus accomodations are planned for all students wishing to travel to Schenectady for the Union football game.

DT members, led by James Sontheimer, have been holding bi-weekly meetings, trying to find time out from athletic activities to develop some of their own plans. A class dance is forthcoming, though no definite details have as yet been worked out.

Charlatans To Offer Shaw Play in March

Charlatans' main production for the year, **"Saint Joan"** by George Bernard Shaw, is tentatively scheduled to be given next March.

Professor Theodore Bowie, who will direct the performance, will be assisted by Professor Berrian Shute, composing special music, and Mr. Palmer, designing the sets.

Since it affords excellent parts for about twenty men, "Saint Joan" is particularly adaptable to production at Hamilton. Tryouts, held last Monday, revealed new talents in the freshman class. Rehearsals start immediately with the following tentative cast for main parts: Peter Ostroff as the Bishop Cauchon, Don Roscher as the Dauphin, Dwight Carter as the Grand Inquisitor, Al Haulenbeek as Stogumber, John Gorton as Dunois, and Douglas Parrott as Brother Ladvenu.

The part of Joan will be played by Miss Margot Starr, daughter of Professor Nathan Starr of Rollins College, who was Visiting Professor of English at Hamilton last summer. Miss Starr, a senior at Bennington College, is a dramatics major with considerable acting experience. Having a three months' vacation between Christmas and Easter, she will be afforded ample time to work with the male cast of the production.

Canterbury Meeting

Professor Earl Count played host to the Canterbury Club, which held its initial meeting at his home on Wednesday, October 8th. Morgan O'cott, president of this Episcopalian group, led a discussion of plans for the coming year. The members will continue to publish its bi-weekly bulletin which will contain many articles of general religious interest written by club members as well as contributions from other Hill religious groups.

Rochester Heavy Favorite Today

It shouldn't happen to Union, but today it happens to us. A very strong University of Rochester football team descends upon the Hamilton College campus with the hope of reducing the Continentals to just so many bruised bodies. Rochester has the nasty habit of grinding opponents, large and small, into the turf and then kicking them, just for chuckles. It may very well do it this weekend (this is not a prediction, understand), unless Earl Svendsen can inject new life into his twice-defeated football team.

The men from Mr. Eastman's favorite city come to us with an impressive record of three wins and one defeat. A lot of money has been won on this group of grunt and groaners. Local dopesters feel that it is a safe bet to take the "Yellow Jackets" to win by two touchdowns. Who are we to argue with the people who put up the chips? And we will tell you why we are not betting against the odds this week: number one, Rochester's excellent defensive game; number two, a good Kodak running attack and a better than fair pass offensive.

Coach Elmer Burnham, who won a big nine football championship in 1943 at Purdue, has developed a defense which in the last two games has been unscored upon. Tackle Bob Brannigan is an outstanding young man who tackles savagely. Last week, his bone-bending tackle of a Tuft's halfback was responsible for a fumble that led to Rochester's first touchdown. Carl Wren and Chuck Gray are ends who pleased the alumni to the tune of thirteen large points against Tufts. Wren doubles-in-brass for Burnham; he kicks, he blocks, he catches passes, he is the answer to a coach's dream. These boys are not exceptionally big, they average 185, but what they lack in weight they make up in muscle and drive.

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The Spectator HAMILTON COLLEGE

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Communication

To the Editor of the SPECTATOR:
Dear Sir:

This letter is addressed to those students who may wonder why CHARLATANS, our dramatic organization, operates the way it does, that is, why it produces only one or two plays during the year. The answer is very simple. Hamilton College has no auditorium, no stage, no hall nor locale which can be transformed into a theatre, with a workshop and a place for rehearsal. Places which have been used in the past, such as the main floor of the Gymnasium, the Fencing Room, Commons, the top floor of the Chapel, are either unavailable, inadequate or condemned. All of them are acoustically and visually unsuited. CHARLATANS will be obliged to produce its plays off-campus if it wants to survive as an organization; (and the only way for a dramatic organization to survive is to put on a play. It can't just sit around and talk about the plays it might put on.)

This year we are going to attempt Shaw's "Saint Joan",and we are hoping to get the Clinton High School to lend us their auditorium. Like "Oedipus Rex" and "The Tempest", this is a big undertaking which will tax our feeble resources; it also suffers from the disgrace of being a "classic".

For those who would prefer us to give Broadway successes (such as "You Can't Take It With You", or maybe "Command Decision"), let me state my credo: the proper business of college dramatics is to produce great drama of the past. It is an intimate part of every man's education, and one that he can hardly acquire anywhere else. How many chances in a lifetime are there of seeing a Greek or Shakespearian tragedy, or a comedy by Moliere, Sheridan or even Shaw?

Under me, participation in a play means long hours of hard work. It would be the same even if I could be talked into doing "You Can't Take It With You". But I could not justify using up the students' time and energy, not to mention mine, in any play that did not have true and permanent values.

At present, even if we do only one production a year, we try to involve as many people as possible, not only as actors and technicians, but in the related fields of music and art. It is of immense benefit all around when we get Professor Shute to write music for our plays and Professor Palmer to design their sets, and have their respective students execute them. We come close to the ideal of an all-College production.

Being literal-minded (at times), I spent part of the summer looking into the feasibility of a suggestion made by a colleague. He said, "Why don't we get the friends of Alexander Woollcott to give us a theatre in memory of him?" Why not, indeed? The idea was broached to a few close friends in the theatrical and business worlds, and their response was unanimously enthusiastic. Conversations with certain v. i. p.'s convinced us that here was an opportunity which should not be neglected, provided the college was willing to do its share. It seemed doubtful whether the Friends of Alexander Woollcott could raise enough money for a whole theatre, but if the College were to build the auditorium, those same friends might be asked to build and equip the stage. Hamilton would certainly not refuse such a memorial to one of its most distinguished alumni. This memorial, with its infinitely practical and immediate uses, would be raised with funds obtained from people who would ordinarily not be interested in Hamilton College.

If we want a place which will serve to bind the various elements of the college closer together, which we could use for Commencement exercises, for mass meetings, concerts, lectures, movies and plays, the only thing to do is to agitate for it. Our Trustees are very responsive to our needs. It is up to us to convince them that here is an idea worth exploring. Practically every college in our class (Dartmouth, Williams, Amherst, Oberlin and the rest) has an auditorium or theatre which is a going concern. We can have one too, if we want it badly enough.

Sincerely yours,
Theodore Bowie

The Spectator **welcomes correspondence of any nature. All letters must be signed, but the name will be held on request.**

JAZZ NOTES

by W. A. Robbins

We have one amongst us whom we know: a music lover. Not only is this singular lover an ardent defender of the "classics" (although he self-assertedly abhors the use of the term as 'nebulous') versus "jazz" (which term I in turn abhor as 'nebulous'), but our Deems Taylor-esque friend assumes the doubful stature of critical interpreter of the moral motivation of the music, jazz. A singular lover, indeed.

Perhaps a more definitive identification of this champion of classicalism to the detriment of jazz is needed. Those of us fortunate enough to have available the latest model Hallicrafter-FM receiver could attune, if we so desired, to the "Voice of College Hill" last Monday evening and be interrupted in our studies long enough to be blessed by the sagacity of the Hamilton College Forum of the Air. This week's topic was announced as "Jazz Versus the Classics." Naturally enough, my somewhat biased ear was quickly alerted, and I awaited the discussion with obvious anticipation. The debate is certainly not a new one, and I was anxious to learn if any erudite interpretations were forthcoming. Fortunately, I was not disappointed.

The first discourse of the program was delivered by a Mr. Johnson, afterward imitated (by OGPU, of course) as given-named 'Bob.' Mr. Johnson opened with a perfectly wonderful statement that I wish to examine at this point. Mr. Johnson asserted that he did not consider jazz as having any claim as an art form because (and here I quote from my notes) "its performers were habitually under the influence of alcoholic stimulants or narcotics." And besides, he continued, "they don't speak the English language well." I do not believe that these affirmations need refutation beyond that furnished by a casual re-reading of the quotations.

When next heard from, our Mr. Johnson offered a remark that must be examined with greater care. He said "I marvel that jazz musicians are capable of starting out at different times and yet are able to end together with such remarkable dissonance." Really, Mr. Johnson, aren't the musical terms confusing you If you condemn jazz because of 'dissonance,' must you not look with horror upon Stravinsky and Schonberg, among other classicanists?. Perhaps that Pater Beethoven **b-gins** his 'remarkable' First Symphony in C Major with a first chord of rather distinctive dissonance. Surely you became confused in the heat of argument and allowed your facile tongue to 'substitute 'dissonance' for 'discordance.' If such is the case, I readily forgive you. Atonality is so new in music it is often incomprehensible.

But please, Mr. Johnson! You are merely perpetuaing a sordid myth if you believe jazz artists simply 'play around' and finally end up 'together' with the aid of some mystical muse to guide them. Jazz music as such is **not** devoid of stricture and form. A little investigation upon this interesting theory might serve to indicate a need for greater knowledge of the music before so broad a condemnation.

You admitted, Mr. Johnson, that you could ascertain signs of a jazz 'renaissance.' But you expressed considerable wonderment at a re-awakening of interest that could leave such a jazz artist as Art Hodes playing in a Utica 'pub' of diminutive size and questionable repu ation! Since what critical era, Mr. J., has the place of performance been indicative of artistic merit? Perhaps your aesthetic judgement was revealed when you correlated the 'beauty' of Mr. Hodes' playing in T. J.'s with the New York Philharmonic concerts at Carnegie Hall as symbolical of musical worth.

Alas! I am doomed. You may expect to find me in the 'beautiful' con-

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EX TEMPORE

The Weird Sisterhood And The Triumph of Hope

Someone once asserted that the devil is a woman. Whatever the evidence for that conjecture it is certain that the fiendish woman has taken up a very special chapter in the human legend. Of all the members of the evil hierarchy, the witch has been the least prepossessing, the most invidious, meddling and ubiquitous, the most likely to annoy. In a sense, one supposes, the witch is the crystallized expression of those especially feminine qualities that men find particularly objectionable, as Trojan Helen represents those that are most desirable. But there seems to have been a greater frequency of such characters as Morgana Le Fey, Geraldine and Mother Sawyer, than of the ideals of the Helen, Nefertiti or Desdemona caliber.

As a race we oft enjoy reminding ourselves of the witch menace. This is perhaps the most gratifying way we have of assuring ourselves that we are a care to powers beyond the human rationale. And the power that manifests itself in the domestic kind of evil is logically the most interesting; it is closest to home, and can be understood and dealt with on almost common ground. We are always thoroughly equipped to do battle against its anti-social proclivities, though we live, each one of us, in the constant and fervent hope that we may be dreadfully and inextricably witched. So, one night a year, since Druidic times, we have made bonfires in celebration of all witches and other homely demons.

But the hope has led us to leave fire-lighting to the kiddies and to indulge more highly developed strategy. Katherine Anne Porter's biography of Cotton Mather, a work in progress, is of special interest in this connection. Parts of it have already been published. (One chapter appears in the *Partisan Reader*) Mather's intense preoccupation with the subject is one of the less exalting American legends. His case is particularly fascinating, partly because of his rigorous attempt to be scientific about the whole thing, this enabling him to help dispose of more women with probably a greater efficiency than any other single man in the history of witch-hunting.

Incidentally, if Mather could be with us this Hallowe'en, he would no doubt hie himself gleefully to a certain unholy conclave in Carnegie, where will be gathered a goodly crew of thoroughly suspicious personages busily intent upon raising Cain. SKF

News-Note

DIETRICH IN DEPTH OF NIGHT (conclusion)
(*MARLENE DIETRICH SINGS* accompanied by Peter Kreuder, his piano and his orchestra; Berlin, circa 1927; VOX album no. VSP 304)

"...and Moydia lay on her bed and became more and more restless, like a story that has no beginning and no end, only a passion."
—Djuna Barnes: The Little Girl Continues

Sally Bowles' breaking-it-off at The Lady Windermere or Lola Lola's breaking-it-off at The Blue Angel: What's the difference? None: Both are truly motivated by a passion of despair that comes of their never succeeding to connect. Theirs is a world of no beginning and no end: Only of *Disorder and Early Sorrow*. And Dietrich's World-Wanton makes all of this to come clear. Dietrich's special genius terribly evokes all the decadence, all the vulgarity, all the amorality that are part and parcel of broken-world where despair at ever making connexion makes for dreadful night.

To do it all vocally along awful distorted line is Dietrich's peculiar province wherein she makes betrayal and undoing to be Everything where it is that connexion finally fails. (And with *Disorder and Early Sorrow*, connexion's doom is forgone-fact.) On disque of *Peter* the faithless lover cries in too-late loneliness. With *Mein Blondes Baby* Tragic-Tramp will settle for memory's foggy image. And for *Ja, So Bin Ich* there is not answer.

The sheer poignancy of one alone and lost can come to no true emotion until *The Leaning Tower* has crumbled in the hand: Cassandra is believed only after the event. Or let any one to know mirror's lie while Dietrich coughs *Wo Ist Der Mann?*,

And I will show you something different from either
Your shadow at morning striding behind you
Or your shadow at evening rising to meet you;
I will show you fear in a handful of dust.

—DON ROSCHER

Q. E. D.

For the past three issues Q.E. D. has been sitting on top of NEWS-NOTE and frankly our bottom is a little burned up. This week, thanks to a masterful bit of thievery, we are striking back. Following is a civilized interpretation of Mr. Roscher's column for this week.

WHEEZE-NEWS

CORBETT IN DEPTH OF MUSTARD PLASTER (last gasp)
(SIDNEY CORBETT HACKS accompanied by Theresa Schimmel, her thermometer and her bedpan; Clinton, circa 1949; NEZ album SOS 123.)

"....and Corbett lay in his oxygen tent and became more and more lifeless, like a keg of beer that has no beginning and no end, only a fizzle."

— Smelly Barns: The Old Maid Collapses

Izzy's taking-it-off at Frankies' or Sylvia's taking-it-off at Downey's: What's the difference? Corbett has asthma: Their charms are motivated by a passion of despair that comes from their never succeeding to stop his sneeze. Theirs is a world of no pills and no Kleenex: Only of *Pennsylvania Polka*. And Corbett's Rotten-Lung makes all of this to come clear. Corbett's special allergy terribly evokes all decadence, all the vulgarity, all the amorality that are a part and parcel of strip-tease-world where tear in G-string makes for an embarassed night.

To do it all gaspingly with the awful snort is Corbett's peculiar talent whereby he makes coughing and wheezing to be Everything where it is that benzedrine finally fails. (And with *Pennsylvania*

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Bequest For Faculty Salaries Received

Recently added to the various funds used by Hamilton to run the college was a sum of money amounting to $135,000 as bequeathed in the will of Eleanor T. Martin, who died May 6, 1946. Mrs. Martin's connections with Hamilton date back to 1858, the year of the graduation of her father-in-law, the late Reverend Adam Martin, D. D.

The accrued income from "The Adam Martin 1858 Fund", amounting to more than $5,000 dollars, is to be used for the payment of salaries, or increases thereof, to members of the faculty.

Insofar as the college authorities know, Mrs. Martin had no other connection with Hamilton previous to her death. Her husband is not an alumnus, and, as far as is known, neither is anyone else in hers or her husband's family except for Adam Martin.

The money will be invested at a four per cent interest rate, as are all bequests of money to the college, unless otherwise stated. The money was willed to Hamilton with the intention that the college decide its most beneficial outlay.

Meet The Faculty

Thomas Edward Colby, III

Although a citizen of Brooklyn by birth, Thomas Colby spent the greater part of his youth in the more suburban town of Rockville Center. After his graduation from Stony Brook, he entered Hamilton with the Class of 1942 and became a member of Theta Delta Chi. During his stay on the Hill, Mr. Colby distinguished himself as a speaker in the McKinney Prize Declamation Contest, a prominent member of the Charlatans, and one of the brighter stars on Coach Gelas' excellent fencing teams. He also took an active part in the Choir, and it was during one of that organization's trips to Wells that he met Eleanor Muggli, who, today, along with 19 month old daughter, Felicity, makes up the female side of the Colby family. Following his graduation, Mr. Colby joined the Navy, and, after a turn at several communications schools, served in the Pacific during the latter part of that campaign as a lieutenant. This past year he studied at the University of Zurich, but returned in September to take up his present post as a member of the German department

The 1942 **Hamiltonian** said, "Hamcoll's only bearded choir boy entered college a future preacher but decided to become a roué.

Both Colby and roué are doing nicely. Takes his acting seriously and turns in A performances with the Charlatans. Walks gingerly around the field of culture and occasionally takes a step or two within." **The Spectator** hopes that his decision to take more than a "step or two within" will prove to be an advantageous one.

"Alumni Review" Covers Wide Field

Freshmen are expected to acclimate themselves to college life by memorizing such publications as the **College Catalogue, Your Guide to Hamilton College, To the Freshman** and the **Student Handbook.** Once acclimated, a Hamilton man can keep abreast of current affairs in **The Spectator,** satisfy his aesthetic palate perusing the **Continental** and read an eulogy of the school year in the **Hamiltonian.** After terminating his scholastic career, the Hamilton man can fall back yet upon another periodical to keep informed about his Alma Mater. As soon as it returns from the printer's, the **Hamilton Alumni Review,** volume 13, number 1, will be distributed to those far corners of the globe inhabited by Hamilton alumni.

The latest issue features an aerial view of the campus that spreads over both the front and back covers. Inside, "A Contemporary Writes" about the late George H. Harkness, '91. After refusing to answer communications of all sorts from the college and his own class secretary, Mr. Harkness left part of his estate to Hamilton. The Secretary, upon hearing the news, said "Well, I'm damned!"

A great deal of space is devoted to the Alumni Drive, practically every contributor to the $62,605.44 total being listed by class. A summary of Spring and Summer events is followed by an article relating the changes in rushing rules. New faculty members Winton Tolles '28, D. Bruce Otis '42 and Graydon G. Staring '46, are introduced to the readers. In the book section, "Eight Hours to Solo" by Henry B. Lent '24, "The British Isles" by William Sloane '32 and "Uncle Swither's Invention" by W. P. Webb '33 are reviewed.

The Review also contains numerous class and faculty notes, and an Alumniana, featuring the Chicago area alumni. A rosy prediction for the football season is followed by the winter sports schedule. The issue is concluded with a Necrology (an obituary to you) and a list of Alumni Associations.

Edited by David H. Beetle '30 and George Tillman '42, the Hamilton Alumni Review appears five times a year. The present issue marks the commencement of the thirteenth year of publication. The aerial view of the campus, taken last summer from a helicopter by Dante O. Tranquille of the Utica Observer-Dispatch, shows Middle College in the process of transformation and gives North Village an amazingly level appearance. This issue marks the first time that both covers have been utilized for a single picture.

AVC Votes Against N. Y. State Bonus

A vote against the proposed New York State bonus for ex-servicemen was registered by the Hamilton College Chapter of the American Veterans Committee at their last meeting The vote, which will be supplemented by a campus educational campaign against the proposition, came after a heated meeting at which Mrs. Samuel Obletz of the Utica Chapter of the League of Women Voters, spoke against the measure. Mrs. Obletz, wife of the Spanish instructor here, demonstrated the future high cost of the bonus to citizens of this state in the form of a cigarette tax and an increased personal income tax.

In accordance with the A. V. C. policy in New York State, the college chapter decided to campaign for state housing grants in place of the proposed bonus.

Pepsi-Cola Awards

The **Pepsi-Cola** Scholarship Board has just announced expansion of its program to include the annual award of twenty-six three-year graduate fellowships. These fellowships, which will pay tuition plus seven hundred dollars, are open to seniors in any accredited college in the United States. They may be used in any field of graduate study, academic or professional.

The awards, determined by competitive examinations, are to be divided among four regions, each region receiving six. The two additional fellowships will go to seniors in Negro colleges.

The Dean's office has detailed information for interested eligibles.

College Band, Without Clinton Help, to Go to Away-Games

Hamilton's Concert Band marched for the first time before the student body at the Hartwick game without the assistance of any players from the Clinton High School ensemble. In past years it has always been necessary to borrow members of the Clinton band to make an appropriate showing at the local games.

This sort of performance by the largest all-Hamilton band will re-appear at the next four football games: Rochester, Hobart, Haverford, and Union. Miss Joan Judlowski, who leads the Hamilton Band, expects to display an unusual two-baton-twirling routine at the Rochester game this weekend.

Transportation to the Hobart and Union games will be arranged by the Band for those students who will want seats in the chartered buses. Many more students are expected to attend the "away games" because of the convenient means of transportation which the Band has provided. (than would otherwise be possible)

Nemerov Speaks On Poetry To Group in Utica

On Friday evening last, a large number of his local followers crowded into the Munson-Williams-Proctor Music Building in order to hear Howard Nemerov, the American poet who conducts Hamilton's Seminar in Political Analysis, discuss the properly functioning poet-maker's compulsion **to contemplate** rather than to change the world. He offered up Shakespeare, Wordsworth and Tate as reasonably representative of such ones. And in addition, he read from the works of William R. Johnson and Reed Whittemore. Finally he read two pieces of his own, both as yet unpublished:—**A Christmas Carol** and the incomparable and terrible **Elegy of Last Resort,** much of whose imagery is drawn in part from Thomas Mann's **Death in Venice.** —A number of ladies later passed their copies of HN's **The Image and the Law** (Henry Holt and Company; $2.00) over coffee cups to Mr. Nemerov so that he might inscribe them.

I. R. C. Discussion

An informal roundtable discussion highlighted this week's meeting of the International Relations Club. With Mr. George Lenczowski acting as moderator, the club members reviewed the DeGaullist victory in the recent municiple French elections, and considered the present Communist government of Czechoslovakia. The next meeting, scheduled for Monday evening, November 3, at 7:45 P. M., will be held in Root Hall 6 and will feature a consideration of the World Federalist idea.

JAZZ (Cont'd)

fines of T. J.'s, enjoying a few hours of jazz. But then, Mr. Johnson, I will probably be there merely because of alcoholic stimulants or narcotics. I will drink to your vindication, never fear.

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WILL SHOW AT SOUTH DORM LOUNGE ON WEDNESDAY, OCTOBER 29th

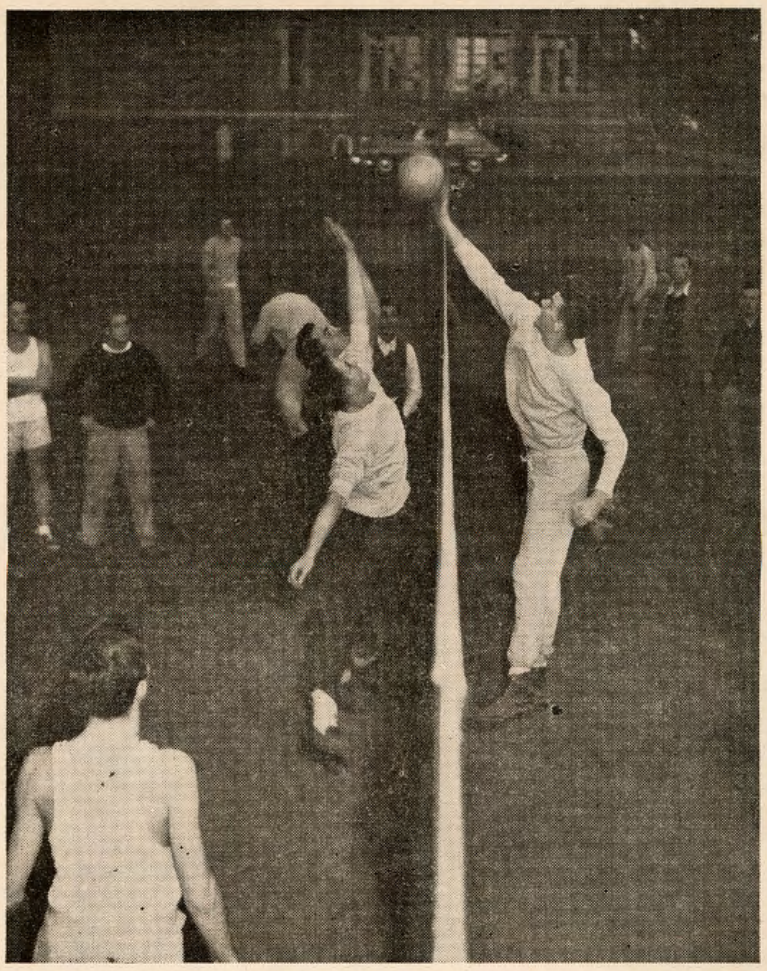
Hygiene Lecture Tough On Nerves

Leaving their sub-basement laboratories where naked beauties are being transformed into twelve foot gorillas, every Monday evening two or three members of the Faculty climb the two hundred and fifty stairs, remove the old hand-hewn beam from its place, press the secret spring and emerge into the blackness of the night behind the Hall of Commons. Without even washing the blood from their hands, and with the hypodermics protruding over the edges of their vest pockets, they scurry behind the hedges and enter the Chemistry Auditorium. Once there, they mount the podium, a hush comes over the audience, they motion to the orchestra, tap the baton, and the New York Philharmonic begins the concert with, "The Perplexing Case of the Human Nutritition" or-r-r-r, "Are You What You Eat?" Come on, don't stall, ARE YOU?

Skipping along the lecture series, which reads like the minutes of an A. M. A. convention, we arrive at October 7th, and this choice tidbit, "Does Exercise Strengthen the Heart?". Now we have it from unimpeachable sources, from usually reliable informers, that despite the malicious rumours Mssrs. Rogers and Weber have been spreading, exercise IS unhealthy. But, because of bureaucratic bungling, the 400,000 dollars the Alumni Association set aside way back in 1940 for a girls' college on the golf course resulted in a gymnasium, and rather than board up the windows for the sake of student health, the Administration is sending us to early graves.

Jumping along past October 14th, and "Prevention of Diseases" by "Motion Picture", whizzing past October 21st and "Mental Health", where we stop only long enough to raise our eyebrows at Professors Smiith and Dunbar who casually ask, "Is Your Behavior Normal?", we skid to a stop at the corner of October 28th, where we meet that great vaudeville team of Hess & Rogers. The house-lights dim, the curtain parts, the spots go on, and the show begins with that catchy little number, "Sex and Reproduction". A discussion of sane sex life and marriage. "Well," we ask smiling, "What other kind is there?" Anticlimatically, November 4th arrives with an unsaucy "Heredity and the Family", now starring Hess and Smith. And working for a big finish, the series ends November 11th with another catchy number, "Sex and Social Disesases". And as we leave happy Chem Hall, amidst the strains of Hawaiian guitars, we turn from pitching pennies to the smiling native boys and ask, "IS THERE A HYPOCHONDRIAC IN THE HOUSE?"

—Fed Karnow



Intramural Volleyball: The series reaches its peak

Alpha Delts New Volleyball Champs

Alpha Delta Phi, by employing a fine brand of net play and accurate placing of serves, defeated the Lambda Chi Alpha squad in three straight games to take the intramural volleyball championship. The first game was all Alpha Delt. Lambda was unable to retain the serve, losing 15-5. In the second game, Lambda Chi found themselves and jumped to an early four point lead. After the score was tied up at 5-5, Lambda Chi forged ahead once again to lead 11-6. At this point, the Alpha Delts put on the pressure to run up eight quick points and finally win 15-12. This apparently broke the Lambda Chi spirit as Alpha Delt went on easily to take the third game and the championship.

BOLT (Cont'd)

bolt. There may possibly have been some anxiety on the part of the contemporary group to show that they are at least the equals of their Victorian ancestors.

Concern was shown in high administration circles over the mass action of the Juniors. Some fear apparently exists due to the possibility of the exodus becoming a permanent tradition. Preventative plans call for stern warnings and threats of disciplinary action in the event of a possible repitition by the Class of 2049.

ROBBERY (Cont'd)

around a pilot's license removed from Chi Psi Richard Floberg's wallet. They will test the case for finger-prints. The police said that the fraternity houses are easy prey for the thieves because they are always open. They suggested that students ask for the identification of any suspicious looking strangers seen on the campus.

Announces Classes For WHC Staff

WHC, "The voice of College Hill", is now conducting announcers' classes each Thursday afternoon at 5:30. Chief Announcer Gordon McLeod is director of the program, and Dwight Carter, who has just completed a summer of training in public speaking, conducts the classes. The forty minute periods include constructive criticism of the previous week's broadcasts and practical work in speech and voice training.

Inasmuch as the number of experienced personnel is relatively small, the WHC staff feels that these compulsory meetings are necessary to the immediate organization of a well-trained amateur staff.

Kuhner Forms New Dance Orchestra

Hamilton's extra-curricular organizations continue to increase. The latest addition is a new ten-piece dance band, under the direction of Fred Kuhner. Although Hamilton has produced dance bands before (in pre-war days it was Glen Lane, and last year it was **Lee Wilson and his Hamiltonians**) these outfits have not been able to attain a high degree of popularity. The situation this year appears somewhat improved, however, with the addition of a coup'e of freshmen. Clint Emery, a trumpet player, and Larry McCarthy a saxophone player. The band, which held its first rehearsal last Monday, expects to make appearances on the Hill as well as in local stands.

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Continentals Bow To Oberlin

Last Saturday a dreary football game was played on a bleak afternoon, with sad results. Oberlin saddened Hamilton, 20-7.

In a near-boring game, dulled even more by disappointment, the Continentals never got going. A sloppy first quarter with its succession of blunders presented the team with juicy scoring opportunities They must sed these chances and then waited until late afternoon to finally find a spark and score.

Oberlin with a power-packed backfield started like a grammar school team on a bad day, gradually got oriented, and finally slammed into gear to score in the second, third, and fourth periods.

Both clubs stressed a running attack sprinkled with sporadic ineffective pas.ing. The highly publicized Bob Addison, high scoring, pass-grabbing, Oberlin end stuck to his defensive duties and completed only one pass. Actually the blue linemen kept crowded company with the Oberlin passer. They rushed him so that his throws were consistently bad. He hit only once all day and DiGregorio, Brown, and Warren were credited with interceptions.

For Hamilton, a screen pass to the flank, last year's big threat, clicked a few times, but that was the extent of the Blue passing.

Hamilton took a wallop in the groin when Ants DiGregorio, their most potent stepper, was eliminated midway through the opening quarter. The very valuable tailback wasn't seriously injured, but his leg bothered him enough to prevent further action.

The contest's most thrilling and painful moments came when Oberlin with crippling interference and four devastating backs came roaring around Hamilton's outside. These plagues originating from the T, with the man in motion cutting back and drilling our end or line backer, consistently absorbed ground. They were the crushers.

Hamilton's ripe time, and possibly the plays that were responsible for the eventual trend of the game, came early. With four minutes of the first quarter gone, DiGregorio got off a smart quick kick to the Oberlin ten.

The Yoemen picked up five yards on two running plays and then went into kick formation. Gabe Smilkstein, rookie right end, crashed through to block the punt and Bob Hilfinger recovered on the nine.

It looked like Hamilton for a quick score. Burns tried Oberlin's right tackle, but the play was piled up. Second down, and Hamilton was off-side for a five yard loss. Our third try flopped when the backs got their signals crossed. Oberlin finally made the tackle on our twenty-seven, the play lost twelve yards. DiGregorio tried a wide end sweep, but the ball handling was loose, and he fumbled but recovered - the play lost a yard. On the last down the entire Yoeman line converged on D Gregorio as he faded to pass. Forced to run, but hopelessly surrounded, the tailback was hit on the thirty-five. Hamilton had moved from Oberlin's nine, back to their thirty-five.

The Ohio team's three scores resulted from drives of seventy, fifty-five and eighty-eight yards. These spurts featured the hard-running of Weaver, Johnson and Breckenridge. Each back bullied over once on plays from within the four.

Hamilton's lone touchdown came late in the fourth quarter when Warren took the kick off from our fifteen to the thirty-three. Burn's toss to Moore on the flank was good for nine. Moore then toured right end, cut back and was hit from behind on the Oberlin thirty-nine. The play covered nineteen yards, Sontheimer went off tackle and Burns went around end for another first to the twenty-seven. Moore heaved right over the middle to Warren and on the next play skirted right end to settle the ball on the twenty. Another flank screen pass, Moore to Burns, picked up four yards.

Here the attack stalled when three running pays were stopped. On an attempted last down pass Bob Clemens was roughed and the officials gave Hamilton a first down three yards from the goal. Two plays later Burns powered his way over the weak side climaxing a sixty-seven yard march. Kelly was good for the extra point.

FOOTBALL (Cont'd)

We hate to neglect anyone when the honors are being thrown around, so in passing, we mention the Rochester backfield. Fullback Frankie Walters hits the line like a young bull heading for the heifers. "Whitey" Zimmer, the quarterback, is a smart ball handler and signal caller. A couple of guys named Eden and Garnish round out the first string quartet with a vengeance. The home team will be pretty busy keeping this combination away from the end zone.

R
OJO
"QUICK, BUD, THE FLIT!"
COACH BUD SVENDSEN MUST KEEP THE CONTINENTALS CONTINUALLY KEYED UP TO TAKE THE ROCHESTER ELEVEN
BY GAL CRUMP
ONE BREAK CAN MEAN VICTORY!

MUSICAL ARTS SOCIETY REVIVED

Reviving one of the Hill's most successful musical activities, which has been moribund since before the war, Professor Berrian Shute recently announced the formation of the 1947-48 Musical Arts Society.

Representatives from the fraternities, the Squires and North Village met in the Chapel a few weeks ago to elect their officers and to formuate plans for the year. At that time, Prof. Shute was designated president while Mr. John Baldwin and Mr. Norman Lewis were chosen secretary and treasurer respectively.

The main purpose of the Musical Arts Society is to bring outstanding artists to the Hill in a series of concerts. In past years many prominent figures sponsored by the group have delighted Hamilton audiences. This year's Society hopes to be able to uphold the superior quality of the pre-war concerts.

Losing little time, Prof. Shute announced that the first concert would be held in the Chapel, Wednesday evening, November 5th. The artist appearing will be the competent pianist, William Masselos.

To promote and guide this undertaking it was found necessary to appoint many committees, which include the following:

Executive Committee: Berrian Shute, John Baldwin, Norman Lewis, Elton Francis, Benjamin Lake.

Publicity: Elton Francis, Chairman; Robert Pigott, Grant Bowker, John Gallagher and Robert Smith.

Concert Arrangements: Benjamin Lake, Chairman; William Page, James Benjamin.

Printing: Leon Trachtman, Chairman; John A. Davis, Allan Caldwell.

Ushers: Gordon Smith, Chairman; Robert Hopps, Allen Schepper, James Nitschke, Phillips Brooks.

Soccer Team Due for Break

Today the blue-clad booters, still looking for their initial triumph, will journey north to Oswego. This will be the second game of the current season between the two elevens. The first one, played here, resulted in a 1-1 deadlock. Captain Kidd & Co. will go into this one a slight underdog, but if they find the missing scoring punch, they may make it a sad day for the Oswegoans.

Still lacking a strong scoring punch, the Hill booters dropped their second game in three starts to the Buffalo State soccermen here Friday, 2-1. After Bill Taverner had creased the net with a penalty shot in the opening quarter, center-half Strickland of the Orange dumped in a pair of rebounds in the second to give the invaders their margin of victory. The third and fourth periods saw the Continentals threaten time and time again, but they seemed to lack shooting accuracy and passwork when they drew near pay-dirt. In the fourth stanza the Buff and Blue had the leather in position for the kill several times, but the Buffalo defense held its ground, aided by faulty Hamilton shooting.

On the defensive side of the ledger, the Ruddmen managed to stave off a few sporadic raids in the first half, and keep within shooting distance of their foes. This was due in part to the sterling defensive play of goalie Tom Gregory, who turned back many an Orange attack single-handed.

First Squires Lecture Wednesday

Professor Thomas Johnston will be presented at 8:15 on Wednesday, October 29, in the first of this year's Squire's Club Faculty Lectures. He will speak on a subject of his own choice, **The Myths of Taste.**

Besides Dr. Johnston three other faculty members have given their consent to lcture, Professor Hardy Wickwar, who will discuss **The Non-Political Aspects of International Relations,** Professor George H. Cameron, who has tentatively selected either **The Physics of Music** or **Cosmic Rays,** and Professor Karl With, who will speak on some outstanding phase of modern art.

The program is being planned by a committee composed of Lionel Wyld, James Belford, Edward Foster, George Waldo, Boyd Murdock, Lasse Dyrdal, and Jon Kaufman. Mr. Wyld, who holds the chairmanship of the committee, stated that "the most important aspect, in our eyes, of the lecture series is the fact that it brings

(Continued on Page 6)

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Smith College Weekend: Suggestion No. 2

We suppose that trekking off to women's colleges entails examining relative values. For instance, do you know anyone at Smith you'd travel two hundred miles on a weekend to see? If so, good luck with her. She must be something.

If you do want to go over to Smith, we suggest that you first find someone you know at Amherst, and move in on him. Amherst, as mentioned in a previous work, is a mere ten miles from Northampton. A friend there ensures a place to sleep. Smith is one of the largest women's colleges, and some segment of it seems to have a party of some sort nearly every week, making it tough to get a place in Northampton. Moreover, the Amherst fellow's rates are reasonable.

Probably the best way to get to Smith is by car. The big advantage to that is that you have transportation once you're there. The classic route from here is U. S. 20 to Albany, then either to Pittsfield, Mass., and up over the Berkshire Trail to Northampton or on over to Springfield, Mass., and from there to Northampton. The Berkshire route is about twenty miles shorter, but the road isn't as good — up and down and around curves all the way. If you're hitch-hiking, by all means take the Springfield route. It's much more travelled, and drivers seem a lot more willing to stop.

Of course, it's best to have a car if you can, but you can have a more enjoyable time at Smith without one than at any other of the women's colleges we know of. Perhaps it's not so genteel, but the bus service from Northampton to Amherst and Holyoke and road houses in between is fairly frequent, and you can move around pretty easily. So, lacking a car, take a train from Utica to Springfield — sometimes you have to transfer at Albany to a Springfield train — and change to a Northampton bus or train there. A round trip ticket costs about ten dollars.

The Smith campus starts about a quarter of a mile north of the center of Northampton. It is big and hilly. Class buildings are in the middle, with dormitories surrounding. Some dorms —houses, more correctly—are a short distance from the campus; others, grouped in quadrangles, adjoin it. Two particularly interesting points on or near the campus are Paradise Pond —Passion Puddle—which is a good sized body of water well stocked with canoes, and the Massachusetts Mental Hospital atop Dippy Hill, about which the last original wise crack was made thirty years ago.

Smith houseparties are very pleasant. The girls strive mightily to think up enjoyable things like renting farm houses and hay racks. But here they strike a nice balance with the more formal. It's the old story of seeing a girl in blue jeans and pig tails in the afternoon and not recognizing her in satin the same evening.

Northampton is essentially a college town — perhaps the typical college town. As such it has the traditional hangouts. The best known of these, probably, is Wiggins Tavern — where are sold New England bric-a-brac and also good drinks and food for any of which you are clipped only mildly. Rahar's is less pretentious, but has carved tables and other things collegiate.

Outside of Northampton there are several saloons of varying appeal. In Amherst there's the Lord Jeff — a larger Alexander Hamilton Inn. There are usually parties in several of the fraternity houses at Amherst, so the more people you know there the better.

Daytime activities could include such mokish things as bicycling into the country and/or climbing Mt. Tom, a particularly high Berkshire a short way out of town.

If you do know a Smith girl, it wouldn't be a bad idea to go over and see her — if just once, and it just to see the place. After that, maybe you could work it out so she'd come here.

Poli Sci Class To U. N.

On November 9 about ninteen of Dr. George Lenczkowski's Political Science 5-6 (International Relations) students will pack their suitcases and head for Flushing, New York, to see the United Nations' General Assembly in action. The trip will begin on Sunday, the ninth, and will end Tuesday afternoon, the eleventh.

For a good many years the field trip was considered to be the sole property of the geology department, but the mores of the times have changed along with the personnel of Hamilton's Political Science department. The men who have come here to teach after years of active experience in government work have brought with them a deep respect for the advantages of on-the-spot experience.

The group under Dr. Lenczkowski will spend Monday and part of Tuesday in the chambers of the UN at Lake Success, attending committee meetings and observing the practical daily work that seldom appears in print.

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North Village Completion To Start Soon

The scheme for the completion of the veterans' housing unit of North Village was announced recently by the President's office. In a letter to President Rudd, Mr. Charles B. Lawrence, Director of the FPHA, Region II, stated: "Plans for the completion of twenty dwelling units in your Veterans' Emergency Housing Development at Hamilton College are well underway." The contracts under the New York State Emergency Housing grant and an additional Federal grant, will be let immediately. The New York appropriation finances site preparation, grading, and laying of water and sewer lines. The Federal allowance pays for the re-erection of buildings formerly built at the Naval base at Norfolk, Virginia. The Hamilton unit, which was started in the summer of 1946, was halted by a lack of funds in the spring of this year. At that time, about thirty of the fifty apartments were ready for occupancy. When college opened this fall, there were twenty-two applications from veteran students seeking vacancies.

The completion of the units, it is expected, will remedy this situation.

SQUIRES LECTURES (Cont'd)

the students into contact with members of the faculty whom they might not otherwise come to know. It, therefore, ties the college community more closely together and, in effect, integrates college life more effectively."

"From the viewpoint of student and faculty reaction, the lecture series, which was initiated last year," continued Mr. Wyld, "was a great success. We hope that it will become a permanent feature of the extra-curricular program."

Last year's lectures were Professor Count, who spoke on **Anthropology and You,** Professor Bowie, who discussed French literature, Professor Shute, who entitled his lecture, **Bach and Baroque,** Dr. Lenczowski who spoke on the Near East and its problems, and Mr. Nemerov, who discussed modern poetry.

Q. E. D. (Cont'd)

Polka benzedrine's doom is forgone-bygone-jargon fact.) In the room of *Infirmary* the hopeless patient cries in too-late, "Pan." With *Asthmatic Breath* Coughing-Corbett will settle for Schimmel's home brew. And for *Ja, So I Itch* there is not powder.

The utter poignancy of one alone and lost with Irene comes to no true sympathy until *The Leaning Tower* has crumbled in the hand: Hatfield is believed only after the event. Or let any ginch to know Corbett's lie while he coughs *Ich Vill Neber Take Ein Nudder Viskey.*

And I will show you pink elephants different from others
Your head at morning throbbing atop you
Or your stomach at evening rising to meet you;
I will show you ulcers in a glass of Amphogel.

— Don Yerhat

"JUNK-HEAPS" (Cont'd)

on each running board, three within, and two clinging to the rear spare tire).

Bud Sherman's Model "A", which boasts a new muffler and two new tires, generally accomodates ten to twelve up-Hill passengers twice daily. The much-used running boards give passengers the effect of "riding on air," but then, some of these old jalopies seem to be doing just that anyhow.

Our outlook for the future now seems much brighter, for if Roberts, MacLeod, Slentz and Fenn can breeze past '47 Cadillacs, so can we — yea, verily!

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